

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



MRS. PETERSON AND AMY GOLDIE.

LOMBARDY COURT: A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA. CHAPTER VII.—THIRD THOUGHTS.

"A brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy."—*Shakespeare.*

IT had scarcely been decided what answer should be returned to Mr. Huxtable's letter, and the reply had not yet been written, when Mrs. Goldie

called upon the widow, and brought her daughter with her. They had been from home for some time, and had not seen Mrs. Peterson lately; but Mr. Goldie had told them of the offer he had made to her sons, and they were anxious to know how it had been received. Poor Mrs. Peterson looked very doleful in her widow's cap; but she had begun to practise resignation, and had roused herself, in spite of Sally's injunction to "sit still and not trouble herself about nothing, but leave everything to her;" a

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

well-intended piece of advice, but not wisely conceived. She went about her household duties, therefore, and spoke but little of the sorrow, giving way to it only when she found herself alone, or when good, kind, sympathising Sally offered consolation in her simple way, bidding her not "take on," and then setting her an opposite example, which could not fail to be infectious, by her own tears and lamentations. Such outbreaks, however, did her good.

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

The mind oppressed with continual sorrow finds relief in utterance, and the bravest self-restraint is that which holds itself calm and firm outwardly for the sake of others, and gives way only in secret and with opportunity.

Mrs. Goldie was pleased to find her poor friend so quiet and resigned. Time, she thought, had done wonders for her. That was true, perhaps, in one sense. Time had enabled her to realise the power and excellence of her religious faith and dependence. Time had enabled her to go from strength to strength on her path of sorrow, opening many a healing spring for her as she passed through the valley of Baca. But time alone, without the consolations which were thus brought to her, would not have afforded much relief. Mrs. Goldie was, perhaps, deceived as to the real nature of Mrs. Peterson's experiences, and gave her credit for a stronger mind, as she termed it, and a more thorough command over her feelings than she indeed possessed. The good lady was careful, however, not to reopen wounds which, as she trusted, were beginning to find healing. There were others present during part of the interview, therefore she avoided making any direct allusion to the widow's great trouble, and was glad to be spared the necessity and even the opportunity of doing so. Mrs. Peterson expressed her thankfulness for the provision which had been made by Mr. Goldie for her sons; and Mrs. Goldie following the tradition of her husband, denied that there was anything to call for thanks. There was no obligation on either side, she said. It was a mutual convenience, a matter of business. Of course Mr. Goldie was glad to have the sons of Mr. Peterson in his house, and hoped they would turn out as good men as—as their father had been. She rejoiced that Mr. Goldie had been able to promote their interests and his own at the same time, and trusted it would prove to be equally advantageous to both parties.

Mrs. Peterson was silent at the mention of "their father," which had been an inadvertence on Mrs. Goldie's part, and presently rose and left the room, saying she must call Charley. She wished, in fact, to bring both her sons into the room, that they might make their acknowledgments, knowing that she could depend upon Charley, and hoping that John would do his part gracefully for her sake. Charley was, as we have seen, an old acquaintance. He had received many kindnesses both from Amy and her mother, and though there had been a little natural shyness between them of late in consequence of things which had been said by others, and perhaps of their own thoughts which never had been expressed, yet the old feeling still prevailed with the young people, and they were very glad to see each other.

John, on the contrary, was scarcely known to them,

except by name; he had been so much away from home that they had hardly ever met. Not only so, but he had purposely avoided them, having conceived a strong prejudice against them. "Mrs. Goldie was a haughty, stuck-up woman," he said; "she thought herself better than they, because of her position. She only came there to patronise, and she should never patronise him." John, therefore, bowed stiffly, and did not condescend to make any acknowledgments to Mrs. Goldie for the appointment which had been offered him by her husband. He was not introduced to Amy; and when he saw how freely she was talking with his brother he felt indignant with them both. He would have quitted the room, but sat for a time watching them, indulging his spleen, and thinking what cutting things he would say to Charley when their visitors should be gone. In spite of himself he could not but admit that Miss Goldie was pleasing; her manner was natural and earnest, with just sufficient reserve to render it more piquant and attractive. Her features were good and regular, and her complexion, though a little dark, very clear, and well set off by her small and even teeth. Her eyes were almost concealed by the drooping eyelids and long eyelashes, for at such a time the conversation was naturally of a sad and serious tone; but when she looked up, the large, dark orbs, glistening with sympathetic moisture, gave light and intelligence to the face, and seemed to speak out of a generous and tender heart. John, sitting silent at the opposite side of the room, began, after a time, to feel annoyed that so much of the young lady's conversation should be addressed to his brother. It was a long visit, for a shower had come on, and they waited, in the hope that it would pass away; and John's impatience became at length so great that he could no longer refrain from interrupting the *tête-à-tête*; and, for want of some better pretext, began to speak to Miss Goldie about the appointment which had been offered him by her father, and of the pleasure he anticipated in travelling; and as it appeared presently that Miss Goldie had already visited some places which he hoped to see, the conversation became animated.

Charley, who had given up his place to his brother, sat listening to them, well pleased to see that John's prejudices were giving way, and glad that the friends for whom he had always felt so much regard were beginning to be appreciated. The rain continuing, Charley went to find a cab, John being too much engaged to take any notice of his mother's hints that he should go instead. Charley must get used to going about in all weather, so it did not signify. When the cab arrived John handed the ladies into it with all due politeness, Charley being unceremoniously thrust aside, though they nodded to him smilingly from the window. And then John returned to the house, and during the rest of the evening said very little to anybody, but sat with a book before him, which he was evidently not reading, wrapped up in his own thoughts and his own interests. That, however, was not at all an uncommon state of things with John Peterson.

The next morning John went out immediately after breakfast, and did not return till noon. The letter to Mr. Huxtable had not yet been written, and Charley ventured to suggest that he would be expecting an answer. John, however, put it off; he had hardly decided yet what answer to give, he said; he must think it over.

"About yourself do you mean," said Mrs. Peterson, "or about Charley?"

"About both."

"Of course I shall accept the situation," said Charley; "and I thought you had made up your mind to do the same."

John was silent.

"Have you anything else in view?" Mrs. Peterson asked.

Still he made no reply. If he had, it must be a long way off, Charley thought, for he saw that his eyes were not resting upon anything within their scope, but upon vacancy. If it had been anybody else, it might have been supposed that he was castle-building; but John was never given to that. "I'll answer the letter in a day or two," he said, at length; "but we must have some talk about it first." And then he got up and went away again, out of the house.

Later in the day Charley had occasion to call at Mr. Goldie's house with a note or a message from his mother. As he came out again he saw his brother in the distance, and quickened his steps to overtake him. John seemed annoyed, though it was only perceptible by his looks, and would not have been observed, perhaps, by any one who was less familiar with the changes of his countenance.

"Where have you been?" John asked.

"To Mr. Goldie's. And you?"

"Only for a walk. What did you go to Mr. Goldie's for?"

"To deliver a note and exchange a book."

"Did they ask you in?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you often go there?"

"No, not lately. I used to at one time, but I fancied they did not like it."

"Who did not like it?"

"Mrs. Goldie."

"And Miss Goldie?"

"Oh, she is always the same, very kind and friendly."

"Kind and friendly? Is that all?"

"All? Why, yes, of course; what else should she be?"

"And they don't like her to be kind and friendly? They are afraid, perhaps, that she may be too kind and too friendly?"

"I wish you would not talk in that absurd way."

"Why not?"

Charley was silent. He did not quite know whether his brother was in earnest, or only laughing at him in a sneering, bantering way that he had; but it jarred upon his feelings to hear his friends thus spoken of. He did not like Miss Goldie to be made the subject of such remarks, whether seriously or in jest; but he could not explain his feelings, and therefore said nothing.

"I wonder you like to carry notes and parcels to and fro, like a servant," said John, presently.

"I shall have to do that, I dare say, when I am in Mr. Goldie's counting-house," Charles replied. "I don't mind it at all, fortunately."

"You have no proper pride," said John; "but with reference to that counting-house, have you quite made up your mind to take that situation?"

"Yes, certainly; what else could I do?"

"Why, I have been thinking that, after all, it might be best for you to go abroad. You would find it very pleasant up the Mediterranean—quite a differ-

rent thing from Botany Bay, you know; and the climate would be so mild; just what you have been always wanting."

"No, John, thank you, no; I'll keep to my intention. I know you like the idea of travelling; and it would gratify you a great deal more than it would me, because you know Greek and Latin and history, and I have had so little education. The counting-house will suit me best for every reason. I am getting quite strong now, and would really much rather stay at home."

"Home! yes; that's all your idea. Do you want to be tied to 'mother's apron string' all your life? Have you not got loosed from that yet?"

There might have been some truth in the taunt, for Charley flushed up suddenly, and his eye grew moist.

"Let it be as it is," he said, "I stay here and you go abroad."

They walked on together for some time in silence; at length John began again.

"There's a good deal to be considered," he said, "before deciding. I was awake all last night thinking what would be best, and have been arguing both sides of the question over again to-day. You see, if I were to stay here, I could go on with my reading. I know I have good abilities, and can do as much in one hour as some men do in three. I could cram up of an evening, and even at the office at odd times; and could perhaps get a scholarship and return to the university. Don't you see?"

Charley answered, "Yes;" but it was not said cheerfully.

"Now if I go abroad it will be all up with me at once. I could never settle down to the drudgery of a counting-house, and what other chance should I have? Ought I to abandon the hope of gaining distinction at college, and of raising myself, as I feel sure I could do? I should be able to do something for you also in that case, you know."

"I cannot give an opinion," said Charley. "Of course, if you choose to stay here, I shall go abroad. It must be settled soon, I suppose. You will make a home for mother, I trust; you will not be ashamed of the 'apron string'? You must do as you think best about it."

John had made up his mind about that already; he generally did what he thought best—for himself. That same night he wrote to Mr. Huxtable, accepting the situation in Lombardy Court for himself and the foreign one for his brother, and then told Charley what he had done and desired him to acquaint their mother with his decision.

CHAPTER VIII.—POSSIBILITIES.

"We take care of ourselves,
Said the niggardly elves,
We have nothing to do with the rest."

—A Fairy Tale.

JOHN PETERSON had indeed been thinking hard during the last forty-eight hours. After his first disappointment at having to leave the university and give up, as he argued, all prospect of a gentlemanly profession, which, according to his ideas, was the only thing worth aspiring after, he had become for a time careless and almost indifferent about his future. Everything was to be sacrificed to the present necessity. Hard work, and that of the dreariest kind, was to begin in earnest. He had not only to keep himself but to support his mother. Well, he must submit to it, but it would be as the galley slave submits

when he is bound to the oar. He could never find any satisfaction in such work as he would have to do. No one would look up to him; no one would esteem, no one would admire him. He had set his heart upon being somebody, and now he would be nobody. It mattered little, therefore, what became of him, whether he stayed at home or went abroad. He should be nothing better than a merchant's clerk in either case. Some young men in his position would have rejoiced to think that they should be nothing worse.

These gloomy views had, however, begun to give way, as we have already seen, after his interview with Mr. Goldie; John Peterson was too young and of too practical a mind for them to prevail very long. Life, he thought, need not perhaps be such a total blank or burden to him as in the first moments of his depression he had imagined. He had a strong will, and had generally managed to succeed hitherto in all that he had set himself resolutely to accomplish. If he should make up his mind now to work his way upwards, he had the courage or conceit to believe that he should be successful. A desk at Lombardy Court might be a very low round of the ladder, but it would be only so much farther for him to climb, and so much the greater distance to look down upon with satisfaction after he should have reached the top. Other men with fewer advantages than he possessed had attained to riches and eminence, and why should not he do the same?

His thoughts had been directed into a fresh channel by the offer of an appointment on the shores of the Mediterranean. The prospect of spending a few years in the sunny south, instead of in the gloomy regions of Lombardy Court, was very alluring; and if it should lead to the same heights beyond, it would be decidedly preferable. He might give himself to the study of living languages instead of dead. He might make the acquaintance of distinguished travellers, and perhaps ally himself with them in their expeditions. He had read somewhere that, according to the languages a man knows, so many times a man is he. If he could become half-a-dozen men in this sense, he would have half-a-dozen opportunities of advancement. A consulship, diplomacy, the Foreign Office, might be open to him after a short sojourn in the East. It was quite impossible to say, in short, what it might lead to.

John Peterson was in this crisis of his speculations when he was introduced, as we have seen, to Mrs. and Miss Goldie. He had been taken with the younger lady's appearance; she was an only daughter, an only child; her father was reputed to be very rich. If she had been plain, or vulgar, or in any way distasteful to him, he would not have thought twice about her; but he liked her, and thought that if he were ever to marry any one he should like to marry Amy. He was not at all in love with her, of course. John Peterson was above such infirmity as love at first sight. It may be doubted, indeed, whether he was capable at this time of very deep attachment to anybody except himself. Amy suited his ideas and took his fancy, and there were so many instances on record of young men marrying their masters' daughters and so entering at once into a double partnership, domestic and business, both equally satisfactory, that the idea was worth consideration. With this prospect even Lombardy Court might be endurable. The thought did cross his mind that his brother Charles seemed to be on easy, not to say

intimate, terms with Amy, but it was ridiculous, of course, to suppose that there could be any real attachment between them, or that it could ever come to anything if there were. Charley was so young, and had no prospects, and would not know how to profit by an opportunity or to get on, being, as was supposed, without ability or energy.

The result of this third and latest phase of John Peterson's deliberations was that he resolved to be a merchant and shipper. He would take the home situation for himself and climb up out of it. He would begin by making himself master of all the details of the business; that could be done in a very short time, he felt sure; and then he would bring all the acuteness and vigour of his intellect to bear upon the prosecution and extension of a profitable commerce. He would make a science of it and grow rich by it. Mr. Goldie, he reflected, was no longer young; the loss of his confidential manager had told upon him, people said. John resolved to gain his late father's place if possible, and to make that a step to something higher. He did not forget that a new manager had been appointed; but he was not afraid of him. He knew nothing whatever of Mr. Huxtable, but he had no doubt he was a very ordinary sort of person, and that he should soon be able to outrun him. He would give himself to work in the counting-house as thoroughly as he had given himself to mathematics at Cambridge. Mr. Goldie should have his *quid pro quo* and a great deal more, and by-and-by his own turn would come and he should demand his recompense. Having rendered himself indispensable to his principal he would claim to be admitted as a partner.

With some men all this might have been properly described as mere extravagance, but with John Peterson, after he had quite made up his mind, it assumed the character of deliberate, fixed, unwavering resolution. Although an honourable man in one sense, intending to use none but fair means for attaining his object, he was, as has been already seen, intensely selfish, and, in regard to the feelings and interests of others, inconsiderate and unscrupulous. In all his schemes he was the first person to be thought of, and the second, and the third; he might not have been wholly ungenerous and unkind towards others if he had remembered that there were others to be considered, but that was a fact which he lost sight of. Life was to him like a game at football in which hacking was allowed; if he could kick the ball and send it to the goal without hurting anybody else, well and good, but if others came in his way they were to be kicked first and the ball afterwards. What was fair for one was fair for another; he had his own way to make and others had theirs; he meant to go straight on towards his goal, and did not want to injure any one; but if they came in his way let them look out. It would have to be proved whether in the game now about to be played, he or Huxtable could kick hardest.

Unhappily, the blows and rubs which men give one another in the battle of life when it is carried on in this spirit are not confined to the chief actors. It is well proposed in song, "Let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight," but that is not a practical suggestion, however generally it may be approved in theory. Mrs. Peterson was one of the first to suffer in this new game which her eldest son had set himself to win. It was a grievous disappointment to her when she learnt that Charley, her invalid, as she had been used to call him, her

Benjamin, was after all to be taken from her and sent across the seas. She argued the point with John, but he met all her objections with plausible reasoning, and she was afraid to say too much, lest he should think that she loved him less warmly than his brother, and was less solicitous about his happiness and comfort. At one time she almost resolved to go and see Mr. Goldie and endeavour to persuade him to find room for both her sons in the London counting-house. But she stood in awe of him; she had scarcely ever spoken to him; she knew that he was reserved and distant in his manner towards all his dependents, and had been so even with her husband. If she went to him at his office he would probably resent such an intrusion upon his business hours, and at home he was almost equally difficult of access. Still, she would have braved the lion in his den if she could have felt sure that it would have been of any avail; but if, as was most probable, Mr. Goldie should be annoyed with her, her interference might do harm instead of good.

The first time that Amy called, she told her all her trouble, and entreated her to say a word to her father on Charley's behalf, and Amy promised willingly enough that she would do so. Mrs. Peterson felt very sanguine of her success, and wondered that such a natural and simple way out of her perplexity had not occurred to her sooner. Mr. Goldie was doatingly fond of his daughter, and she felt sure would not deny her any reasonable boon that she might ask. The poor mother looked upon the question, therefore, as already settled, and rejoiced to think that both her sons would be permitted to remain at home with her after all.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

II.

AS a man, Charles Kingsley was a character singularly noble and lovable. He was a poet of no mean order; and his seaside sketches, his tales of Greek heroes, and his lectures on health, education, and general subjects, are most charming and profitable reading.

But as a Christian teacher there is much at which we must take exception, in spite of many merits on the other hand. To his own personal devout and loving faith in Christ as the Son of God, the prayer which he once offered up in Eversley Church before the Communion bears testimony, and it is only justice to him to quote a part of it:—

"O Lamb of God, slain eternally before the foundation of the world! O Lamb who liest slain eternally in the midst of the throne of God! let the blood of life which flows from thee procure me pardon for the past; let the water of life which flows from thee give me strength for the future! I come to cast away my own life, my life of self and selfishness, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, that I may live it no more, and to receive thy life, which is created after the likeness of God, in righteousness and true holiness, that I may live it for ever, and find it a well of life springing up into everlasting life.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find,

Raise me fallen, cheer me faint,
Heal me sick and lead me blind.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!"

But it is very possible to live personally by faith in Christ and fail in expounding it fully and clearly to others, and this failure appears to us to run through Mr. Kingsley's writings, and makes it impossible for us to look on him, with all his merits, as a safe guide in a religious point of view.

To class Charles Kingsley, however, with that portion of the "Broad Church School," as it is termed, who are in sympathy more or less with Rationalistic doctrine, would be most unjust. No man was less inclined to Rationalism. No man upheld more firmly the authority of the whole Bible as an inspired book. "If we once lose our faith," he says, "in the Old Testament, our faith in the New will soon dwindle away."

And he was a no less firm upholder of orthodox belief. He was one of those who did not wish to allow any changes in the Athanasian Creed. "Don't lose hold of that belief in the old faith," he writes to a young friend, "which is more precious to my reason, as well as to my moral sense, the older I grow."

But with all this, a serious want is felt in his writings; his sermons are clear, simple, well expressed, full of hearty human sympathy, deep reverence, and high aspirations for good; but the *central standpoint* is wanting. In other words, that of which the apostle speaks when he says, "I desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified." In a word, the *atonement* is kept in the background.

We do not mean for a moment to cast a doubt on the writer's belief in the atonement. The prayer already quoted would be evidence sufficient, even if his own words in other places had not distinctly and repeatedly avowed his belief. We do not find much in the writings before us that can enable us to form any very clear conception as to the particular views he held on the subject, but the writers (Maurice and others) with whom he was most in sympathy, certainly did put forth a view of the atonement which must practically weaken its hold on men's minds.

We allude to what is commonly called the subjective view, *i.e.*, that which regards the death of Christ mainly or entirely as intended to produce a moral effect on the hearts and minds of those who believe, and to serve as an example of perfect self-devotion and obedience to God, thus producing in the human heart an impression so powerful as to draw it to love Him who has given us so great an Example, Teacher, and Guide; in short, to set man at one with God, and thus reconcile him to his Creator.

Now these statements do contain truth, but not the whole truth. There is, most surely, a *subjective side* to the atonement, and it needs to be impressed on the minds of all. But if it is preached without dwelling also on the "objective" side, the side which points out Christ as our substitute for sin, "*bearing the sin of the world*" (John i. 29), setting forth his blood-shedding as the means of propitiation (Rom. iii. 25), as "*making peace for us*" (Col. i. 20) and "*cleansing us from sin*" (1 John i. 7.); if this central foundation of truth be omitted, we shall find that the

doctrine viewed *only* as a means of touching the heart will gradually drop more and more out of sight, the cross of Christ will shine more and more faintly, and at last will be virtually eliminated from the gospel scheme.

We do not mean that this conclusion will be always, or generally, reached by those who preach these views. Many walk on a road without following it to its termination. But the tendency is there, and we believe that in proportion as the expiatory side of Christ's death is left out, and the example alone preached, in such proportion will the doctrine of the atonement lose its power on the human heart.

Doubtless the injudicious language of many gospel teachers has had much to do in repelling men from embracing the objective view of the atonement. Some have spoken as if God the Father were only a stern judge, and his Son alone was moved by love to man. We know, from the personal testimony of persons brought up in Unitarian views, that expressions of this kind have seriously hindered their embracing gospel truths.

It is possible that Mr. Kingsley may have been repelled by language of this kind. His parents were sound and earnest Evangelical Christians, but he seems to have imbibed, from some influence met with while under their roof, an almost morbid horror of anything savouring of Calvinism. And this convenient generic term is often made a cover for objecting, not only to speculative doctrines, but to gospel statements which plain men and women found in their Bibles long before Calvin was born.

Connected with this was the distrust shown by Mr. Kingsley to all modern "revival work." He looked on it as mere excitement, not likely to do any lasting good. Of course, all who have any experience of what we usually call "revivals" know too well that there is always much which can only be referred to excitement; but had Kingsley looked more closely into the subject, a man of his candour and power of observation would have learned to distinguish the effervescence on the top from the real contents of the healing draught. Whenever and wherever living faith in a living Saviour, atoning for our sins by his blood, is *really* brought to bear on human souls, there a work will be found to have vitality to resist even the power of reaction; all else will die away as the temporary impulse wears out.*

But there is another prominent characteristic in the teaching of Mr. Kingsley and others likeminded to him, which requires notice, the more because it is easily overlooked, and yet leads to many errors. We allude to the tendency to confuse *nature and grace* together.

But before explaining this point, it is but just to many writers of the class we are considering to observe that they have stood up manfully (and Mr. Kingsley in particular has done so) to uphold a great truth overlooked very often by Christians of all shades of opinion—that the "Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." While no one disputes

this in *words*, this truth has been virtually ignored or even denied continually; and nothing can be truer than Mr. Kingsley's strictures on the tendency, both in Romanists* and Protestants, to look on the earth as if it were evil in *itself*, forgetting that God created everything "very good." True, sin has entered in and tainted what once was pure; but still, in themselves, the created world, and men's faculties and powers, and inventions and arts, are not evil but good, as far as they go; they are in one sense a neutral ground, which may be occupied by the king's troops or by the enemy's. The Christian's part is to imitate the ancient colonists when they had discovered a new territory—to take possession of these things in the King's name, and use them for him.

This is the rule. There may be exceptional cases in which certain things, not evil in themselves, must be laid aside because hopelessly tainted, even as a house infected with "fretting leprosy" among the Israelites had to be pulled down and destroyed. But these cases are exceptional, and the destruction is an evil, though a necessary one. The general rule is to accept God's gifts thankfully from his hands. They are the King's, and his servants have a right to them.

It is quite true, as Mr. Kingsley has observed, that not only has monastic and mediæval Christianity ignored this, but that there was a strong tendency in Puritanism to do the same. He exaggerates, perhaps, its tendencies in this direction,† and is too unwilling to admit that a firm foundation of old Puritan theology is consistent, as has been shown in early and later times, again and again, with a large-hearted acknowledgment that "every creature of God is good, and to be received with thanksgiving."

But still the tendency is so strong with many good Christians to neglect physical education, to overlook the connection between body and mind, to mistake physical depression for a wrong spiritual state in individuals, and to look on the pursuits of literature and art, and the cultivation of the mind, with a jealous eye—a most dangerous tendency where young people are concerned, as it often ends by disgusting them with religion—that we must feel that Mr. Kingsley did good service to the best of causes by fighting, as he has done so manfully, against these errors.

But he has gone a step further; he has failed to see the difference between the noble impulses and good feelings, the valuable powers and faculties, which are ours by God's *creative* power, and the movements of his grace in the hearts of true Christians. "If I am to believe in Whit Sunday," he says, "Christ is in every man." The apostles did not teach so. Peter exhorted his hearers to repent, and they *should* receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. The promise was to "as many as the Lord our God shall *call*;" clearly, to believe in him.

It was surely to those who were Christians in *heart* as well as name, that the apostle said, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." The context, the whole of the

* In one place Kingsley brings forward the discourse of St. Paul at Athens in proof that the atonement was not made the central point of his teaching. But surely he forgets that the apostle was preparing the way for the announcement of the gospel message, which would have been utterly unintelligible to heathen hearers, had he not prefaced it with what they must believe before they could believe or comprehend it, viz. God as the Creator and Father of all human beings, merciful but just, hating sin and appointing one to judge it whom he "had raised from the dead." To the Athenians the possibility of resurrection was the first difficulty to overcome. And St. Paul's example shows us that we should beware of the common error of announcing the gospel precisely in the same way to every one.

* We must not overlook, in this connection, the nobly firm stand Mr. Kingsley made against Romanising principles in the Church of England, and especially against the Romish tendency to look on family and domestic life as something to be tolerated in inferior Christians, but not really approved by God, and saintliness to be inseparable from monkish seclusion.

† His eloquent and forcible defence of the old Puritans *versus* the Cavaliers, in his "Miscellanies," however, shows great fairness and discernment, and should be read by all interested in the history of those times. The picture of the Puritan soldier-lad returning to his family is a beautiful sketch.

preceding chapter, showed it was addressed, at least, to those who truly believed.

This error leads us further than appears at first. Mr. Kingsley did not carry it to its fullest extent; but many holding these views have come to speak as if great and wise and talented men were as truly inspired as apostles and prophets. Milton, Bacon, Shakespeare, Homer, are classed with Isaiah and Paul and John. In this way inspiration, from being made universal, ends by being reduced to nothing. The Bible is looked on as only one out of many equally inspired books, and therefore practically not inspired at all. As we have said, however, Mr. Kingsley was very far from countenancing any such error as this, but his was the first step on a dangerous path.

Another kindred error, if we may so call it, is that which sees no difference between the fatherhood of God to the beings he has created, and his fatherly relation to those reconciled to him in Christ Jesus, and receiving the "spirit of adoption." Mr. Kingsley saw the difficulty more plainly than many taking this view would do, because he believed firmly in the truth of the Scripture statements. He observes in one letter that St. John's assertion in the first chapter of his gospel, that it was to those *who believed* on him that Christ gave "power to become the sons of God" (John i. 12), seemed to contradict St. Paul's appeal to the heathen poet in his discourse at Athens, to prove that *all* men are God's offspring (Acts xvii. 28). Mr. Kingsley owns himself unable to reconcile the two passages; he does the next best thing, which is to receive them both humbly, and own himself unable to explain them.

But surely a little reflection might have led him to see the true solution; that there are *two* senses in which the words "father" and "children" are used. In one sense, God is truly Father of all created beings, believing and unbelieving; but it is our part to urge all to seek the higher and nobler sonship which is given to those who believe on Christ, and which alone can bring us into the "heavenly places" with him.

And this confusion it is which has reacted so injuriously on the teaching of Mr. Kingsley and others like him. Much that they say is excellent in itself as far as it goes, but their teaching loses its power by losing its distinctiveness. Without definiteness there can be no real power. Their scientific studies might have shown them that where there is no repulsion there can be no attraction; and what holds good in nature holds good in religious matters.

Wherever the Church has lost her power of repelling, there she has lost her power of winning. The river of God's love to man is broad and deep, beyond all that it can enter into the heart of man to conceive; but if its banks be destroyed, it loses in depth what it gains in breadth, and becomes, not a river, but a marsh.

And this vague kind of teaching will also tend to cripple the Christian in standing up for Christ. The armour that is worn *without the girdle* will hang loosely, and incommode rather than strengthen the wearer. Without some separateness of spirit from the world (a very different thing from the formal and outward separateness of the ascetic),—without a manly, resolute acknowledgment that his standard is a higher and a different one from that of the world, the Christian can neither keep himself pure nor benefit those among whom he is placed.

Mr. Kingsley's tastes and pursuits were so essentially healthful and unworldly in their character that it is much more difficult to trace the ill effects of such principles in him than it would be in many others; but we can see their working in his sanction of village sports on the Sunday evening, and his exhortation to the young men of Chester on the subject of racing, which, true and forcible as his arguments are, loses the force and dignity which would have been given had he taken his stand as a Christian man on the ground that allegiance to God in Christ is *commanded* by our Heavenly King, and that those who refuse to give it are not only foolish and mistaken, but actually *rebels*.

In fine, we lay down Mr. Kingsley's biography with a strong feeling of love and esteem for the man, while we mourn that one so noble and so true-hearted had not a clearer and fuller gospel doctrine to set forth to others; and with heartfelt prayer that God would raise up men who, while large-hearted and richly gifted like him of whom we speak, can yet take their stand on the "old paths," and emulate his virtues, while keeping clear of the errors which we believe marred the good effect that would otherwise have been produced by his teaching.*

GREAT SNOWSTORMS.

RECORDS of disastrous storms and "hard" winters are plentiful enough; but the records of great snowstorms are few and far between. The old chroniclers were content with the use of general terms, though we may take it for granted that in most cases the severe winters which they set forth were exceptional snow years, for frost and snow generally keep close company. There must have been an abundance of snow in the East when, in A.D. 401, the Black Sea was frozen over for twenty days; and when, in the winter of 763, both the Black Sea and the Mediterranean were frozen for one hundred miles from the Straits of Constantinople.

And so when, in 1294, the Cattegat was frozen; when, in 1323, the Baltic was frozen and passable to travellers for six weeks; and when, in 1407, it is recorded that nearly all the small birds in England died;—we may be sure there was plenty of snow as well as unusually intense frost. Only the chroniclers do not seem to have regarded that point of sufficient importance to say anything about it.

Snow was the chief actor in one of the few romantic love stories which have been handed down to us from the early middle ages. Eginhard, the secretary and biographer of Charlemagne, fell in love with that monarch's daughter Emma. While paying her a stolen visit one evening it began to snow, and when he was about to leave, lo! the earth was covered by the tell-tale covering. But Emma was not strong only in affection. She took her lover on her back, and carried him to his lodgings. By chance the pair were observed by Charlemagne; and he first frightened Eginhard by asking what doom the man deserved who made the daughter of his king a beast of burden, and then right royally consented to the

* We cannot but feel that many of the aberrations as to doctrine which are so rife at the present day, are owing to the want of proper theological training for the sacred ministry, which is one of the greatest sources of evil at the present day in the Church of England.

marriage of the pair of whom the snowfall had thus proved the chief matchmaker.

And snow figures in one of the most exquisite stories which have been handed down to us from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. There is no more beautiful reference to the snows and winds of winter than is to be found in that singularly apposite simile of the Northumbrian chieftain, who, when Paulinus was preaching Christianity at the court of Edwin, compared the life of a man to the flitting of a sparrow across the king's warm hall, while the wintry storms raged without, entering at one door and quickly disappearing at the other. "For the time it is within it is safe from the wintry blast, but the narrow bounds of warmth and shelter are passed in a little moment, and the bird vanishes into the winter night from which it had just emerged. And so for a short interval appears the life of man. But of what went before and of what is to come, we are utterly ignorant, and therefore if thy new teaching can enlighten us, it has just claims that we should embrace it."

Incidentally we learn that the winter of 1141 was a severe one here in England, marked by heavy snowfalls, from an episode in the life of the Countess Maud. Shut up in Oxford and vigorously besieged by King Stephen, she owed her escape to the severity of the winter. The Thames and all the rivers were frozen over. The country for many a mile was mantled deep with snow. Dressed all in white, with only three attendants, Maud issued forth from Oxford one wild night. Over the snow almost invisibly, and across the frozen streams, for six miles Maud and her companions had to make their toilsome way on foot. Favoured by her garb, and by the severity of the frost, which enabled her to cross dryshod the waters which the king and his troops had had to wade, she escaped discovery and reached Wallingford in safety.

Snow indeed, as we shall see more fully by-and-by, has played no unimportant part in the dread annals of war. It was the chief opponent of Edward III in one of his earlier campaigns in France, for his army were so weakened and distressed by the snows of 1339, that he found it expedient to conclude a peace, which proved almost as unstable and evanescent as the snow itself.

The story of Childe the hunter, though dated in its present form about this period, appears in its origin to be descended from one of the old myths of the North. As told in Devonshire, it is that one Childe, of Plymstock, hunting on Dartmoor, the wildest region of the south and west, was overtaken by a violent snowstorm. Unable to proceed, with no prospect of succour, as a last resource he killed and disembowelled his horse, and crept within its cavity to shelter himself from the rude blast. But all was of no avail: when the morning came he was frozen to death, and his last act on earth had been to write in letters of blood in the snow:—

"The fyrst that fyndes and bryngs me to my grave
My landes at Plymstock he shall have."

The monks of Tavistock, so the story goes, heard of the death, and set off to give Childe an honourable burial in their abbey. But the people of Plymstock were equally on the alert, and made up their minds to carry off the body by force. So they lay in wait for the monks, intent on this new species of highway robbery. However, they were deceived.

Instead of passing over the bridge where the Plymstockians were waiting, the monks, being men of peace, threw another bridge across the Tavy, and so got home with their burden to Tavistock in safety.

The sixteenth century had several severe winters, but we can find little reference to snows. Especially memorable, however, were the winters of 1515, 1544, 1548, 1564, 1565, and 1594, some of which were the cause of great sickness and mortality in England.

Early in the seventeenth century there was a succession of severe winters, which culminated in the years 1606 and 1607. It is recorded in 1606 that the snow of that winter was greater than had ever before been remembered, while in the following year there is an entry in an old record, under date March: "A prodigious snow fell. This winter last past has been such an extreme one for frosts as no man living doth remember, or can speak of the like." The next year was one of tempests, and that again was followed by a season of heavy rains, so that year after year passed by with no satisfactory harvest, and the dearth of corn was great.

In the quaint diary of Philip Wyot, town clerk of Barnstaple, from 1558 onward, there are some references to the winters of 1607 and 1608. The hard frost in the former year began a fortnight before Christmas.

The winter of 1658 was very severe, and the Baltic was again frozen, the ice being so thick that Charles x of Sweden was able to march his whole army over the Little Belt. In 1674 snow fell in England for eleven days. But this was far surpassed by the winter of 1683-4, which appears to have been the severest ever recorded in this country. This was one of the occasions when the Thames was frozen over and a fair held thereon. The river was frozen from December to February. Trees were split in the forests by the violence of the cold, nearly all the birds perished, and the heavy snows made the roads in some parts of the country absolutely impassable. In a curious contemporary MS. record, written by one of the early fellows of the Royal Society, we find:—

"The winter of this yeare proved very seaveare. East winde, Frost, and Snow continued 3 moneths, so yt ships were Starved in ye mouth of ye channel, and almost all ye Cattle famisht. Ye fish left ye coast almost 5 moneths; all provisions excessive deare. Ye Thames was frozen up some moneths, so yt It became a small city, with booths, coffee-houses, taverns, glass-houses, printing, bull-baiting, shops of all sorts, and whole streets made on it. Ye birds of ye aire died numerously." The next winter also is noted as being "terrible cold."

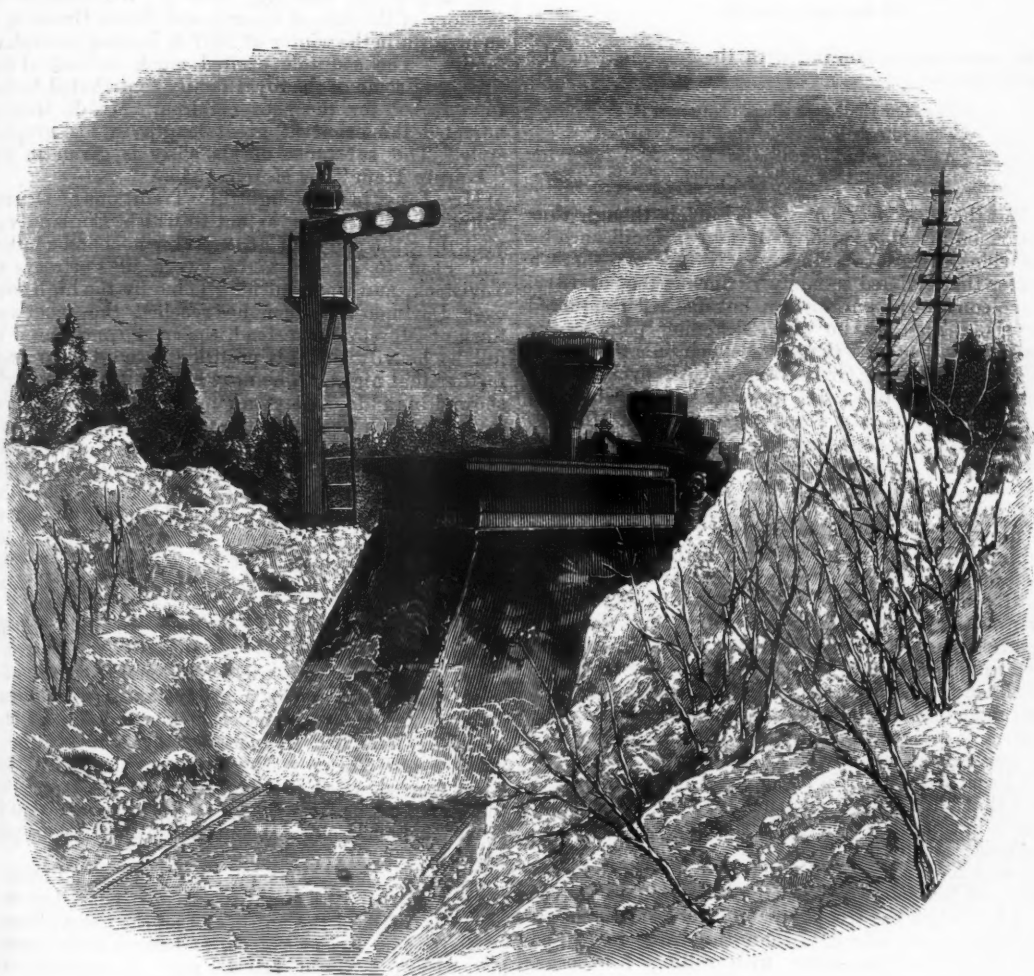
The winter of 1708-9 was notable for its three months' continuous frost and snow. Ten years later a snowstorm on the borderlands of Sweden and Norway caused a terrible disaster. The Swedish army were marching on Drontheim. They were overtaken on the mountains by a snowstorm so severe that 7,000 of them perished, and the expedition had to be abandoned. The Norwegians have the credit of the introduction of soldiers trained to manœuvre on the snow, and shod with a kind of snow-skate; but under such circumstances as these they too would have struggled against the warring elements in vain. The snowstorms of that season reached to this country, and in the south and west of England snow fell for several days in succession early in January, and, as one of the sufferers remarks, there was "a very hard frost for a long tyme, besides snow very

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often, and all things very deare, so that a halfe peny rowle weighed just a crown piece, and two turneps sold for a peny, and coals sold for 40s. a quarter, and all theis things, notwithstanding soe deare, was very bad in kinde." Nearly half a century passed before there was any snowfall in England at all ap-

was distinguished by the extent and violence of its snowstorms, which raged all over Europe, and caused great loss of life. So many travellers perished in the snowdrifts near Limberg, in Galicia, that thirty-seven were found dead there in three days. A very remarkable story is told of the great snowstorm



CANADIAN RAILWAY SNOW-PLOUGH.

proaching this, but in February, 1762, it snowed for eighteen days without ceasing.

The eighteenth century closed as it had begun, with a succession of "hard winters." Looking through the records of these times we can well understand the oft-quoted remark of the "oldest inhabitants," that since they were boys the seasons have changed. The winter of 1784 was one of the most severe of the series. Snow fell first on the 7th of October, and from that date until the 2nd of April, 1785—177 days—there were only twelve days on which it did not either freeze or snow, or both.

In the winters of 1788, 1794, and 1798 nearly all the principal rivers of Europe were frozen—the Thames, the Seine, the Rhone, the Elbe, and the Rhine among the number. The winter of 1788-9

of February, 1799, which was felt in this country with considerable severity in the midland and eastern counties. A woman named Woodcock is said to have survived being buried in the snow eight days. Mr. Whittlecroft, in his work on the "Climate of England," states: "This poor creature having been fatigued, seated herself near the side of the road (near Cambridge), on February 2nd, about sunset, and from cold and otherwise became unconscious of the snow, which drifted around her until she was covered, but lived till the autumn after she was discovered." The story is told in detail in the "Leisure Hour" for April, 1861, by a clergyman whose mother knew Elizabeth Woodcock well, and was familiar with the incidents narrated by her.

There was nothing specially remarkable in the

following winter, though its snows have been made ever memorable by Campbell's grand lines on the victory of Moreau over the Austrians. Every one has heard again and again how—

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar rolling rapidly."

And every one is familiar with the fulfilment of the prediction—

"Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

But the "stained snows" of Linden, though thus enshrined in noble verse, drift into insignificance by the side of those of Moscow. Never was there a winter that claimed so many victims as that of 1812. Napoleon had taken Moscow, but had not conquered Russia. There is no more sickening page in the awful annals of war than that which tells the tale of the retreat of the Grand Army. All over Europe there were the tokens of an early winter, when, on the 19th of October, Napoleon evacuated Moscow. But in Russia the winter had set in not merely much earlier than usual, but with almost unprecedented rigour. It took three weeks to march from Moscow to Smolensk. The snow fell almost without intermission the whole of that terrible time; before and behind, on this side and on that, nothing was to be seen but this fateful winding-sheet, save where dark moving specks told of the presence of the Cossacks, ever on the watch to harass their dispirited foe. By hundreds and by thousands, by rank and by battalion, men and horses fell by the track to rise no more, whelmed in the pitiless snowdrift. Starving, frozen, half naked, shelterless, fighting their way against the terrors of a Russian winter and the exulting attacks of the Russian troops, it was a miserable remnant of the French strength that reached Smolensk, only to find that they could have neither rest nor succour there, but must continue their terrible combat with the powers of nature and of man. In one respect did the cold favour them: it enabled Ney, with the remnants of his following, to cross the Dnieper on the ice; but when the troops came to the fatal Beresina, the thaw, more merciless than the frost, had filled the channel of the river with rolling ice-blocks. Twenty thousand perished there alone; and then the cold increased, and so at length a few wretched stragglers only returned to France. Four hundred thousand died in that campaign of woe and terror. Well did Croly write—

"Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel,
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil:
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel:
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun
In sanguine light an orb of burning steel:
The snows wheel down through twilight thick and dun.
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun."

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown.
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar

Is tempest—
a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves! The legions fly,
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen mad, the wanderers die,
And dying hear the storm but wilder thunder by."

Returning to England, we can but select a few events for mention. Some readers may remember the simple but touching lines of Wordsworth in memory of the fate of George and Sarah Green in a snowstorm in the winter of 1807-8, leaving an orphan family. The sad tale excited much interest at the time, and some of the royal family contributed to the fund raised for the poor children. Mr. de Quincy narrated the event at great length in his graphic style. The substance of his story is given in the "Leisure Hour" for March, 1855.

Mrs. Bray, in her delightful "Traditions of Devonshire," illustrates the extent to which England was visited by the snows of 1812. Her husband's father had been to Exeter to be sworn in Portreeve of Tavistock, and was returning home by the high road over Dartmoor. When he reached the moorland town of Moretonhampstead, the snow commenced to fall so heavily that his postilion refused to proceed farther that night. The next morning he was fairly snowed in, and at Moretonhampstead he had to remain for three weeks ere the weather moderated and the snow cleared sufficiently to enable him to reach his home, though it was little over twenty miles distant, while even at the end of the three weeks the road across the moor was impassable, and he had to take a more circuitous route. If such was the winter of 1812 in the genial West of England, we can imagine what it must have been in the wilds of Russia.

The winter of 1814 was long remembered in many parts of England as that of the "Great Frost." All over the country the mail-coaches had to cease running, and in many instances were abandoned in the snow, the letters being sent on by the guards on horseback. And even this means of conveyance proved unavailing in some localities, for when the snow lay four feet deep in the streets of the great towns, it may be fairly presumed that it proved a much more serious obstacle in the open country.

Another remarkable snow year was 1820. In this year, as in 1814, the quantity of snow that fell on the moors and fells of the north, and on the great plateau of Dartmoor, was enormous, and several lives were lost. Even a slight fall of snow is sufficient to obliterate all the track-marks on the moorlands, and against a heavy fall neither man nor beast can contend. Two young lads, the servants of a Dartmoor farmer, were sent to look for some cattle which had been lost in the snow, and were lost themselves; one was found the same day, but died immediately he was discovered; the other was found the next day, quite dead. Their master, going to look for them, was brought in insensible, and was only recovered after five or six hours' constant friction; and then the coroner, on his way to hold the inquest on the poor lads, nearly perished likewise. His horse disappeared in the snow, and he had to struggle on to the valley of Widecombe on foot. Widecombe is one of the most characteristic parts of Dartmoor, one where the winter is most severely felt, and it is an old Devonshire proverb when it snows that—

"Widecombe folks are picking their geese,
Faster, faster, faster."

So far as Great Britain is concerned, however, no snowstorm for the past hundred years has approached in violence and extent that of December, 1836. After it had been snowing heavily for two days, by the evening of the 26th the wind increased to a hurricane. The fall of snow that night was four to nine feet, and some of the snowdrifts were twenty, thirty, even fifty feet in depth. "The mails, all business, and correspondence were stopped nearly a week, until the multitudes employed had cut a way in the snow. Several lives were lost in the snow, which was equally great all the island over."

Since then we have had several winters in which there have been heavy falls of snow, and some in which the mail-coaches in various parts of the country had to be dug out of the drifts, as happened to the once famous "Quicksilver" mail so recently as 1842. One night's snowfall was sufficient to bury the coach, and it took seventy men, working all night, to cut a way through the drift and allow it to proceed. Coach-travelling must have been very dreary under such conditions.

It is a rare thing now to hear of a mail-coach being snowed-up—almost as rare as to see a mail-coach. The railways have run them off the road except in the remoter parts of the kingdom, but the railways have to contend with the same enemy, and there is hardly a winter that we do not hear of trains being snowed in—notwithstanding extra locomotive power—and having to be dug out. In the severe winter of 1866-7 this not only happened on our northern railways, but on one occasion a large party of passengers both found their journey stopped, and were fairly detained until they were half-starved, at a little roadside station. Snow chiefly affects railway travelling by collecting in the cuttings, which favour the formation of drifts; but it is always objectionable, clogging the wheels on the one hand, and making the rails slippery on the other.

On the northern railways of the United States and of Canada, where the snowfall is more persistent and heavier than it is in this country, the locomotives in winter are armed with snow-ploughs to clear the track in front. Engine and plough, however, are alike frequently baffled, and on the Pacific Railway, which unites New York and San Francisco, it has been found absolutely essential to protect the line by shedding, mile after mile, in its higher and more exposed portions. In winter this shedding is buried in the mountain snows, so that the trains pass through veritable snow-tunnels. In the open parts, the lines of rail are often thoroughly blockaded, in spite of the constant use of the powerful steam snow-plough. Such a blockade took place in the winter of 1875-6. A letter at that time thus referred to the almost unprecedented weather:—

"It is estimated that between Boston and the West—Chicago, etc.—there have been at least 10,000 tons of merchandise blocked up at various points. On one single line alone more than sixty miles of freight cars have been standing still waiting for the snow to thaw. Between Buffalo and New York 8,000 goods cars have been shunted off on to the sidings, the main lines being impassable through the snow. In Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine the snow has been over sixteen feet deep, while Washington legislators have had to proceed to political engagements through two feet of snow. This unusual experience in the city named has been

nearly equalled by deep falls of snow in several of the Southern States. The oldest inhabitants in many of these, as well as dwellers in the northern portions of the country, cannot remember such cold weather as lately passed through in the United States."

In the "Leisure Hour" for March, 1873, a narrative is given of the discomforts and dangers of being "snowed-up on the Pacific Railway."

THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

IN the articles "On the Romance of Heraldry," in the "Leisure Hour" of March 2nd and June 2nd, 1868, with reference to the motto of the Earl of Kintore, the whole credit of preserving the regalia of Scotland from the clutches of Cromwell is awarded to the Earl Marischal Sir John Keith. But, in justice to the memory of the other persons who were really more immediately instrumental in that transaction, their services should not be overlooked.

The salvation of the regalia is an episode in the history of Scotland of which many of our readers may be ignorant, and an account of it may therefore prove interesting to them. Indeed, Sir Walter Scott thought that it would make a beautiful drama.

The story is as follows. After the battle of Dunbar, the victorious progress of Cromwell created great anxiety in the Scottish Parliament for the safety of the regalia, and they accordingly directed the hereditary keeper, the Earl Marischal Keith, to deposit the same in his castle of Dunnottar.

This ancient baronial seat of the marischal's family is situated near Stonehaven, in Kincardineshire, upon a perpendicular rock, the top of which occupies a space of several acres, walled around the verge of the precipice, and covered with buildings. The rock projects into the German Ocean on the one side, and on the other is separated from the mainland by a chasm of tremendous depth, only accessible by one very steep and narrow path leading to the castle gate, which opens into a long and intricate covered way. The strength of Dunnottar is, however, greater in appearance than in reality, for, although impregnable before the use of artillery, it is now commanded from several of the neighbouring heights.

The earl entrusted the defence of the castle to Captain George Ogilvy, of Barras, a soldier of experience, having been trained in the wars of Germany, with the title of lieutenant-governor, and this appointment would seem to have been sanctioned by the king. The strength of the garrison and the supply of ammunition and provisions were quite insufficient for the defence of the castle, and were provided from the purse and exertions of the captain, the earl marischal being a prisoner in the Tower of London.

In November, 1651, the surrender of the castle was demanded by the English forces, and notwithstanding that this was authorised by a warrant from the earl marischal, Captain Ogilvy replied that he would defend it to the last. He then made his situation known to the king, and requested his majesty's commands. These were communicated to him in the king's hand on a small piece of paper through Sir John Strachan, the captain's cousin. The king assured him "that he would take all possible care to relieve him."

In the meantime Mrs. Ogilvy, in conjunction with

Mrs. Grainger, the wife of the minister of Kinneff Church, who, accompanied by her female servant, had been allowed to pay a visit to her, planned the removal of the regalia. The crown was sewed up in a thick linen girdle, and placed round the waist of Mrs. Grainger, and the sceptre and sword, wrapped up in hards or bundles of flax on the back of the servant, as if destined for the spinning-wheel and loom, a usual course in those days. All this was done unknown to Captain Ogilvy, that he might afterwards with truth declare that he was entirely ignorant of the disappearance of the regalia.

The scheme proved successful. Mr. Grainger concealed the regalia under the pavement of Kinneff Church, and, in order that they might be recovered in the event of his decease, he gave a memorandum to the dowager-countess marischal, describing the places of their concealment.

No aid coming from the king, the castle was surrendered in May, 1652, on very honourable conditions, but so exasperated were the English commander and the Parliament at not receiving the regalia, that, despite an article securing personal freedom and his property to the captain, rigorous imprisonment and heavy fines were inflicted both on him and his lady, but without avail, to compel them to reveal the place of their concealment. So inhuman was the treatment they experienced that Mrs. Ogilvy died in consequence. On her deathbed only did she acquaint her husband how the regalia had been disposed of, at the same time exhorting him to persevere at all hazards in keeping the secret.

On the Restoration, Charles II created Captain Ogilvy a baronet, with a new blazon of arms, and a more favourable charter of the lands of Barras, in which his distinguished services are set forth, and he made him a promise of a pension when his affairs should be more settled, in repayment of the captain's serious pecuniary losses. This promise the king never kept, but he told Lord Ogilvy, when advocating his kinsman's claims, that Lady Keith had assured him that she alone and her son, John Kintore, had preserved the regalia, whereupon he had made the latter a peer, with a salary of £400 a-year. The Scotch Parliament bestowed a pension of one thousand marks on Mrs. Grainger, and although no reward is recorded to the servant for her fidelity, it is to be hoped she was not overlooked.

Charles II contemplated the acquisition of Dunnottar Castle, for among the papers of Sir Patrick Keith Murray, Baronet, of Ochertyre, is "the disposition by William, Earl Marischal, in favour of his majesty of the castell, tower, fortalice, and maner place of Dunnottar, with the hail halls, gallries, chalmers, and other office housis thairto pertainand and belonging, and all that is within the utter yeat and post of the samen." This was never carried out.

Sir George Ogilvy's family were doubtless very indignant at the treatment he had received, and, in 1701, the preservation of the regalia being attributed, in Nisbet's Heraldry, to the exertions of the Earl Marischal only, Sir William Ogilvy published a pamphlet vindicating the services of his father. The Earl of Kintore contended that the contents of that pamphlet were a libel on his family, and, the matter being brought before the Privy Council in Edinburgh, Sir William was fined £1,200 for a mere recital of facts! This extraordinary sentence did not deter him from printing, immediately afterwards, "A clear vindication and just defence for publishing

of the foregoing account, with other remarkable and observable passages relating to and confirming the truth of it. For truth seeks no corners, fears no discovery, and justice is no respecter of persons."

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Mr. Croker, February 8th, 1818, adverting to the regalia, remarked, "Thus it happened, oddly enough, that Keith, who was abroad during the transaction, and had nothing to do with it, got the earldom, pension, etc., Ogilvy only inferior honours;" and Mr. William Bell, in a memoir, presented in 1819 to the Bannatyne Club, justly observes, "Charles II seems to have distributed his rewards with more regard to rank and influence than justice."

Nothing more is heard of the regalia until the Union, in 1707, when the crown, sceptre, and sword (the belt had been retained in the Ogilvy family as a real piece of evidence that they had had the honours of Scotland in their keeping) were deposited in a chest in the crown-room in Edinburgh Castle, when a very accurate survey was made. In 1794, a search being made for certain records, the chest was reported to be still there, but was left unopened.

According to Scott, "an odd mystery hung about this chest and the fate of these royal symbols of national independence." It had become generally apprehended that, contrary to the provision in the Act of Union, they had been transferred to London. During Sir Walter's conversations with George IV when regent, he mentioned the subject of the regalia, and so excited his royal highness's curiosity that a commission, of which Scott was the active member, was issued, in 1817, to open the chest and report upon the contents. The chest was examined on the 4th of February, 1818, and the safety of the regalia announced to the public by hoisting the royal standard on the battlements, amidst the cheers of an immense crowd which surrounded the castle.

All classes in Scotland had exhibited the most anxious and lively curiosity, but no one would seem to have been more excited than Scott himself. His daughter relates that, accompanying him the day after the chest had been opened to see the regalia, she heard him utter an exclamation, in a tone of the deepest emotion, something between anger and despair, "No!" It appeared that one of the commissioners, not quite entering into the solemnity with which Scott regarded the business, had made a sort of motion as if he meant to place the crown on the head of one of the young ladies. The gentleman at once laid down the crown with an air of painful embarrassment. Scott whispered to him, "Pray forgive me." Very different was this feeling from that evinced by the Earl of Seafield, chancellor, when the sceptre of Scotland performed its last grand legislative function of ratifying the Treaty of Union, namely, touching the document, the ancient mode of confirming Acts of Parliament in Scotland. His lordship, on returning the sceptre and Act to the clerk, is reported to have said, "There is an end to an old song."

The commissioners gave the following description of the regalia:—The crown is remarkably elegant; the velvet and ermine not materially injured, and the pearls less tarnished in their lustre than might have been apprehended.

The sword of state, which was presented by Pope Julius to James IV of Scotland, with the title of "Protector of the Faith," in 1507, is of very elegant workmanship. Both the pommel and the ornamental

scabbard appear to have received considerable injury, but the blade has been little affected with rust.

The sceptre is, in like manner, of very elegant workmanship. Its age is not known, but it is probably of a date much more ancient than the sword of state. It is bent where the crystal globe rises from the capital, an injury which it appears to have sustained prior to its deposition in 1707.

The regalia were now placed in charge of the officers of state, in order that they might be exhibited to the public under proper precautions for their security. Captain Adam Ferguson (son of the historian), an old Peninsular officer, was appointed deputy-keeper, with two non-commissioned officers under him, their uniform being that of the ancient yeomen of the guard.

On the visit of George IV to Scotland in August, 1822, the regalia was conveyed from the castle to Holyrood House by the Duke of Hamilton, escorted by yeomanry and Highlanders, amid the sound of their bagpipes, and submitted to his majesty.

In the grand state procession of the king from Holyrood House to the castle (the cavalcade wearing dresses of satin and velvet of the time of Charles I, mounted on Arab horses richly caparisoned with Turkish saddles and bridles) the sceptre was carried by the Honourable John Stewart Morton, and the crown by the Duke of Hamilton, in right of his ancient earldom of Angus, on the crimson cushion found with the regalia, which he occasionally elevated, so as to be seen by the assembled multitude, who hailed the diadem of their sovereign with loud acclamations.

Previously to the departure of his majesty he conferred the honour of knighthood upon Captain Ferguson, and the office of earl marischal, which had been forfeited by the second Earl of Kintore in consequence of his taking part in the insurrection in 1715, upon Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunnotter and Ravelston, as the representative of the ancient earls marischal, but no honours or benefits were bestowed upon the Ogilvys.

LETTERS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

II.

Cheyenne, Wyoming, Sept. 7th.—As night came on the cold intensified, and the stove in the parlour attracted every one. A San Francisco lady, much "got up" in paint, emerald green velvet, Brussels lace, and diamonds, rattled continuously for the amusement of the company, giving descriptions of persons and scenes in a racy Western twang, without the slightest scruple as to what she said. In a few years Tahoe will be inundated in summer with similar vulgarity, owing to its easiness of access. I sustained the reputation which our countrywomen bear in America by looking a "perfect guy;" and feeling that I was a salient point for the speaker's next sally, I was relieved when the landlady, a ladylike Englishwoman, asked me to join herself and her family in the bar-room, where we had much talk about the neighbourhood and its wild beasts, especially bears. The forest is full of them, but they seem never to attack people unless when wounded, or much aggravated by dogs, or a she-bear thinks you are going to molest her young

I dreamt of bears so vividly that I woke with a furry death-hug at my throat, but feeling quite refreshed. When I mounted my horse after breakfast the sun was high and the air so keen and intoxicating that, giving the animal his head, I galloped up and down hill, feeling completely tireless. Truly, that air is the elixir of life. I had a glorious ride back to Truckee. The road was not as solitary as the day before. In a deep part of the forest the horse snorted and reared, and I saw a cinnamon-coloured bear with two cubs cross the track ahead of me. I tried to keep the horse quiet that the mother might acquit me of any designs upon her lolloping children, but I was glad when the ungainly, long-haired party crossed the river. Then I met a team, the driver of which stopped and said he was glad that I had not gone to Cornelian Bay, it was such a bad trail, and hoped I had enjoyed Tahoe. The driver of another team stopped and asked if I had seen any bears. Then a man heavily armed, a hunter probably, asked me if I were the English tourist who had "happened on" a "grizzlie" yesterday? Then I saw a lumberer taking his dinner on a rock in the river, who "touched his hat" and brought me a draught of ice-cold water, which I could hardly drink owing to the fractiousness of the horse, and gathered me some mountain pinks, which I admired. I mention these little incidents to indicate the habit of respectful courtesy to women which prevails in that region. These men might have been excused for speaking in a somewhat free and easy tone to a lady riding alone, and in an unwonted fashion. Womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West.

My horse was so excitable that I avoided the centre of Truckee, and skulked through a collection of Chinamen's shanties to the stable, where a prodigious roan horse, standing seventeen hands high, was produced for my ride to the Donner Lake. I asked the owner, who was as interested in my enjoying myself as a West Highlander might have been, if there were not ruffians about who might make an evening ride dangerous. A story was current of a man having ridden through Truckee two evenings before with a chopped-up human body in a sack behind the saddle, and hosts of stories of ruffianism are located there, rightly or wrongly. This man said, "There's a bad breed of ruffians, but the ugliest among them all won't touch you. There's nothing Western folk admire so much as pluck in a woman." I had to get on a barrel before I could reach the stirrup, and when I was mounted my feet only came half-way down the horse's sides. I felt like a fly on him. The road at first lay through a valley without a river, but some swampishness nourished some rank swamp-grass, the first green grass I have seen in America; and the pines, with their red stems, looked beautiful rising out of it. I hurried along, and came upon the Donner Lake quite suddenly, to be completely smitten by its beauty. It is only about three miles long by one and a half broad, and lies hidden away among mountains, with no dwellings on its shores but some deserted lumberers' cabins.* Its loneliness pleased me well. I did not see man, beast, or bird from the time I left Truckee till I returned. The mountains, which rise abruptly from the margin, are covered with dense pine-forests, through which, here and there, strange forms of bare grey rock, castellated or needle-like,

* Visitors can now be accommodated at a tolerable mountain hotel.

protrude themselves. On the opposite side, at a height of about 6,000 feet, a grey, ascending line, from which rumbling, incoherent sounds occasionally proceeded, is seen through the pines. This is one of the snow-sheds of the Pacific Railroad, which shuts out from travellers all that I was seeing. The lake is called after Mr. Donner, who, with his family, arrived at the Truckee river in the fall of the year, in company with a party of emigrants bound for California. Being encumbered with many cattle, he let the company pass on, and, with his own party of sixteen souls, which included his wife and four children, encamped by the lake. In the morning they found themselves surrounded by an expanse of snow, and after some consultation it was agreed that the whole party except Mr. Donner, who was unwell, his wife, and a German friend, should take the horses and attempt to cross the mountain, which, after much peril, they succeeded in doing; but, as the storm continued for several weeks, it was impossible for any rescue party to succour the three who had been left behind. In the early spring, when the snow was hard enough for travelling, a party started in quest, expecting to find the snow-bound alive and well, as they had cattle enough for their support, and, after weeks of toil and exposure, scaled the sierras and reached the Donner Lake. On arriving at the camp they opened the rude door, and there, sitting before the fire, they found the German, holding a roasted human arm and hand, which he was greedily eating. The rescue party overpowered him, and with difficulty tore the arm from him. A short search discovered the body of the lady, minus the arm, frozen in the snow, round, plump, and fair, showing that she was in perfect health when she met her fate. The rescuers returned to California, taking the German with them, whose story was that Mr. Donner died in the fall, and that the cattle escaped, leaving them but little food, and that when this was exhausted Mrs. Donner died. The story never gained any credence, and the truth oozed out that the German had murdered the husband, then brutally murdered the wife, and had seized upon Donner's money. There were, however, no witnesses, and the murderer escaped with the enforced surrender of the money to the Donner orphans.

This tragic story filled my mind as I rode towards the head of the lake, which became every moment grander and more unutterably lovely. The sun was setting fast, and against his golden light green promontories, wooded with stately pines, stood out one beyond another in a medium of dark rich blue, while grey bleached summits, peaked, turreted, and snow-alashed, were piled above them, gleaming with amber light. Darker grew the blue gloom, the dew fell heavily, aromatic odours floated on the air, and still the lofty peaks glowed with living light, till in one second it died off from them, leaving them with the ashy paleness of a dead face. It was dark and cold under the mountain shadows, the frosty chill of the high altitude wrapped me round, the solitude was overwhelming, and I reluctantly turned my horse's head towards Truckee, often looking back to the ashy summits in their unearthly fascination. Eastwards the look of the scenery was changing every moment, while the lake for long remained "one burnished sheet of living gold," and Truckee lay utterly out of sight in a hollow filled with lake and cobalt. Before long a carnival of colour began which I can only describe as delirious, intoxicating, a hardly

bearable joy, a tender anguish, an indescribable yearning, an unearthly music, rich in love and worship. It lasted considerably more than an hour, and though the road was growing very dark, and the train which was to take me thence was fast climbing the sierras, I could not ride faster than a walk.

The eastward mountains, which had been grey, blushed pale pink, the pink deepened into rose, and the rose into crimson, and then all solidity etherialised away and became clear and pure as an amethyst, while all the waving ranges and the broken, pine-clothed ridges below etherialised too, but into a dark rich blue, and a strange effect of atmosphere blended the whole into one perfect picture. It changed, deepened, reddened, melted, growing more and more wonderful, while under the pines it was night, till, having displayed itself for an hour, the jewelled peaks suddenly became like those of the sierras, wan as the face of death. Far later the cold golden light lingered in the west, with pines in relief against its purity, and where the rose light had glowed in the east, a huge moon upheaved itself, and the red flicker of forest fires luridly streaked the mountain sides near and far off. I realised that night had come with its eeriness, and putting my great horse into a gallop, I clung on to him till I pulled him up in Truckee, which was at the height of its evening revelries—fires blazing out of doors, bar-rooms and saloons crammed, lights glaring, gaming-tables thronged, fiddle and banjo in frightful discord, and the air ringing with ribaldry and profanity.

I. L. B.

Willfulness and Patience.

I SAID I am going into the garden,
Into the flush of the sweetness of life;
I can stay in the wilderness no longer,
Where sorrow and sickness and pain are so rife!

So I shod my feet in their golden sandals,
And looped my gown with a ribbon of blue,
And into the garden went I singing,
The birds in the boughs fell a-singing too.

Just at the wicket I met with Patience,
Grave was her face, and pure, and kind,
But oh, I loved not her ashen mantle,
Such sober looks were not to my mind.

Said Patience, "Go not into the garden,
But come with me by the difficult ways,
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
To the higher levels of love and praise!

Gaily I laughed as I opened the wicket,
And Patience, pitying, flitted away,
The garden glory was full of the morning—
The morning changed to the glamour of day.

O sweet were the winds among my tresses,
And sweet the flowers that bent at my knees,
Ripe were the fruits that fell at my wishing,
But sated soon was my soul with these.

And would I were hand in hand with Patience,
Tracking her feet on the difficult ways,
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
To the higher levels of love and praise!

H. M.

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Varieties.

CHURCH REVENUES.—The total annual revenue of the Church of England, Mr. Martin, editor of the "Statesman's Year-book," estimates at £7,238,000. This sum is divided as follows:—Revenues of archbishops and bishops, £167,000; incomes of cathedral establishments, £180,000; extra cathedral revenues, £130,000; incomes of 13,300 beneficed clergy, £5,027,000; net revenue of Queen Anne's Bounty, £34,000; net disposable income of the Ecclesiastical Commission, £700,000; estimated amount expended on building and repairing of churches, £1,000,000. The average income of the 172 Church dignitaries, including deans, canons, and other members of cathedral bodies, is estimated at £2,000; the average income of each of the 13,000 parochial incumbents, including the value of the glebe houses, is £350. To form the vaguest estimate of the annual income of the 10,266 clergymen engaged as curates, teachers, chaplains, etc., would, Mr. Martin says, be quite impossible.

THOMAS A BECKETT.—Cardinal Manning lately preached the dedication sermon of a church at Waterloo, a watering-place a few miles from Liverpool. The church is dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, whom the cardinal described in his sermon as having "died for the liberties of England, incorporated as they were with the liberties of the Church, as against the power of Henry II. That power at length triumphed in the reign of Henry VIII, with this result—that the people were now like a flock without a shepherd." Let those who care to know the true history and character of Beckett read Mr. Froude's papers in the "Contemporary Review."

SCEPTICISM OF THE DAY.—It does not propose to institute any new creed, but would undermine all existing creeds. It professes to admire excessively the character of Christ, but it takes away the atonement by suffering and righteousness. It freely admits the divinity of Christ, but is not very sure how much is implied in this; and in some cases is satisfied with making Christ merely a manifestation of God. Miracles are spoken of doubtfully, apologetically, and disparagingly, it being uncertain whether our Lord wrought miracles or merely believed that he did. It shrinks from speaking of sin as deserving and implying an eternal separation from God. The Sabbath is commended as a good institution; but this, not because written on the granite blocks of Sinai, but because it is for the good of man. They approve of prayer, but simply as an outlet to the feelings—as boy poets speak to the moon; but affirm that the inflexibility of the laws of nature prevent God from giving an answer. They are lowering in a variety of ways the inspiration of Scripture, making it the product of human nature in its higher moods, having no special divine authority, and quite compatible with error. It is now casting doubts on the books of Scripture, and introducing principles of criticism which, followed logically or illogically, will in half an age mutilate our very gospels in the manner of Strauss and Renan.—*President McCosh.*

LORD BROUGHAM'S ADVICE TO THE LATE LORD MACAULAY, ON ENTERING LIFE.—In 1823, when Lord Brougham was at the mature age of forty-four, he addressed the following letter to Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay's father, Z. Macaulay, Esq.:

"My dear Friend,—My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learnt in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well-formed. Now, you of course destine him for the bar; and assuming that this, and the public objects incidental to it, are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and through you, upon him) a truth or two which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life from the experience of others.

"First. That the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear; that he is already aware of; and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labours of the profession; even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practised, I should not hold too severe a task, or too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to; but, at all events, the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with general

learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and work in; and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of the art: and I wish to turn his attention to two points. I speak upon this subject with the authority both of experience and observation; I have made it very much my study in theory; have written a great deal upon it which may never see the light; and something which has been published; have meditated much, and conversed much on it with famous men; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods; reading, writing, much translation, composing in foreign languages, etc.; and I have lived in times when there were great orators among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather, because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and I should have saved a world of trouble and much time had I started with a conviction of its truth.

"1. The first point is this: the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of *easy speaking*; and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so) it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this; I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently; as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation; and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young; therefore, let it by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by debating in speaking societies, with little attention to rule, and mere love of saying something at any rate, than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say. This is the first requisite; to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

"2. The next step is the grand one; to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents'; 'Speech on the American Conciliation'; and 'On the Nabob of Arcot's Debt'; Fox's 'Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny' (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart); 'On the Russian Armament'; and 'On the War, 1803'; with one or two of Wyndham's best, and very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's; but he must by no means stop here; if he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the 'Milo Pro Ligario,' and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words, and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience; but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to

mob, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark, that though speaking with writing beforehand is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt; and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand; but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further, and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages. Now would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country, or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules.—Believe me, yours,
“H. BROUGHAM.”

CARDINAL YORK (Henry Stuart).—One day, in Campagna di Roma, we saw a splendid carriage and six horses of most brilliant caparison coming towards us across the plain. The carriage stopped; down went the window, and out came a head with a large red hat on it. He leant his arms on the window-ledge, saying, “Are you Englishmen?” “Yes, sir,” I said. “Come to see Rome?” “Yes.” And then he began asking questions, all of which I don't remember, till he stopped for a moment, and then, in a loud voice, said, “How are all my armies and navies in Britain?” I looked up with astonishment, and could not understand what he had to do with armies and navies. After staring in his face with amazement, I said, “The sailors are as jolly as ever, and the soldiers very comfortable in their barracks;” and while I still stood in confusion of mind, I saw him putting out his two fingers, and saying, “God bless you, my children!” he pulled up the window and drove off. Turning round, I went two or three steps to my companion, who stood behind me, and he said to me, “John, do you know who you have been talking to?” “No, Frank, I don't know him; who is he?” “That was ‘Charley is my darling’s’ brother!”—*Life of J. C. Schetky, Marine Painter, born 1778, died 1874.*

HOLY BASIL.—Dr. George Birdwood writes thus in the “Academy”:—“The most sacred plant in the whole indigenous *materia medica* of India is the Tulsi, or Holy Basil (*Ocimum sanctum*), sacred to Krishna, and called after the nymph Tulasi, beloved of Krishna, and turned by him into this graceful and most fragrant plant. She is, indeed, the Hindu Daphne. The plant is also sacred to Vishnu, whose followers wear necklaces and carry rosaries (used for counting the number of recitations of their deity's name), made of its stalks and roots. For its double sanctity it is reared in every Hindu house, where it is daily watered and worshipped by all the members of the household. No doubt also it was on account of its virtues in disinfecting and vivifying malarious air that it first became inseparable from Hindu houses in India as the protecting spirit or Lar of the family. In the Deccan villages the fair Brahmin mother may be seen early every morning, after having first ground the corn for the day's bread, and performed her simple toilet, walking with glad steps and waving hands round and round the pot of Holy Basil planted on the four-horned altar built up before each house, invoking the blessings of Heaven on her husband and his children—praying, that is, for less carbonic acid, and ever more and more oxygen. The scene always carries one back in mind to the life of ancient Greece, which so often is found to still live in India, and is a perfect study at once in religion, in science, and in art.”

GREEK PRONUNCIATION.—Our classical and scholastic readers will be amused with the following very characteristic letter of Professor Blackie of Edinburgh to the Editor of the “Times”:—“I was sorry to observe from a report some time ago in your columns that my esteemed friend Mr. Gladstone, in the matter of the pronunciation of the language which he loves so much, still remains a heretic. The English pronunciation of Greek is a mere figment, a piece of incongruity, absurdity, perverseness, and practical inconvenience altogether indefensible, and I hope you will allow me, as a Scottish scholar, to enter my protest against the scholastic continuance of a practice disgraceful to the philological science of these islands. The vocalisation of Greek I will let pass, presuming that by the admission of all scholars it cannot stand a single moment after the overthrow which the bastard Latin of the English schools has received from the strong arm of the editor of Lucretius. But neither does the case stand a whit better in the matter of the accentuation.

I never yet found an English scholar who could answer me the simple question—Why do you pronounce Latin with the Latin accents received by tradition from the Latinists of the Roman Church while you refuse to pronounce Greek according to the combined traditions of the Greek Church, the Greek people, and the Alexandrian and Byzantine grammarians? Mr. Gladstone says, repeating in this the refrain of English scholars ready to catch at any straw in defence of their perversities, that Greek accent means ‘musical pitch,’ and ought not to be confounded with stress or emphasis, which we all understand. Now it is quite true that one element of the Greek accent is musical pitch, this pitch, however, being part of the common music of spoken language, not of singing or of intonation; but it also means emphasis or stress, as can easily be proved from the language of ancient grammarians and rhetoricians; and there is no contradiction between these two things. But, even supposing it meant only musical pitch and not emphasis at all, this would form not the slightest justification of the present practice of pronouncing Greek with the stress laid on Latin chords by the ancient Romans, rather than with the stress laid on Greek words by the living Greek people, an utterly unscientific and indefensible transference that arose out of mere scholastic carelessness and the want of all rhetorical culture in the great English schools, assisted, I believe, by a certain onesided hobby-horsicality about metres, which for a considerable period gave a peculiar and somewhat narrow character to English scholarship. There is nothing more natural and more easy than to pronounce at once with that elevation of the tone of the voice which is meant by musical pitch and that dominance of emphasis which is now the more commonly accepted meaning of the word accent. There is, therefore, no mystery in the matter; only the dogged conservatism of English scholarship, too lazy or too proud to abandon its old traditions, and eager to defend an untenable position by any sort of unpractical subtlety and artificial mystery. I have only to add that in my teaching I think it sufficient to insist on the stress being laid on the proper syllable, without insisting on the accompanying elevation of tone, partly because the ears of our students are so gross and their æsthetic culture so utterly neglected that I must fain be content to deal grossly with them, and partly also because the proper stress on the proper syllable is absolutely necessary to make the word intelligible to the ear. I should also wish to state my entire accordance with Dr. Schliemann, that it would be well in all cases that Greek were taught as a living and not as a dead language. The saving of time which this would effect is a most important consideration, and I offer myself, as a practical man, to prove publicly before any assembly of scholars in Oxford or Cambridge how this could be done easily, even on English ground, without the slightest prejudice to that minute accuracy and refined classical tone of which English Hellenism has always been proud to make her boast.”

A LUNATIC DEPUTATION.—A deputation, headed by a colonel in the army, waited upon Bishop Blomfield at London House, to represent to him the condition of the inmates of lunatic asylums, and to request him to make provision for their being regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The bishop replied that he did not know whether the clergy would be prepared to undertake this additional burden, and that, even if they were, he did not think that the security thus afforded for the proper treatment of lunatics would be a very great one. “But,” rejoined the colonel, “we would hail with satisfaction any additional security; for I can assure your lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation who has not himself, at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!” It may be imagined that, after this confession, the bishop was not a little relieved when the deputation withdrew, and its members were seen quietly making their way past Norfolk House into Pall Mall.

THE AGE OF MATERIAL PROGRESS.—The steamship and the railway, the electric telegraph and the infinite multitude of kindred machineries, may easily enough be evolutions of qualities of which we perceive the germs in many creatures besides the apes. If these are, indeed, our last and sublimest triumphs; if it is in the direction of these that the progress of the race is to continue, then, indeed, I can be content to look back with proper tenderness on my hairy ancestry. Instead of “a little lower than the angels,” I can bear to look on myself as “a little higher than the apes;” and “Pickwick” shall be as beautiful as the “Tempest,” and Herbert Spencer more profound than Aristotle, and the electric cable of greater value to mankind than the prophecies of Isaiah or the Republic of Plato.—*Mr. Froude.*

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THE



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